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"OUT OF THE SILENCE"

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BY JAMES RHODES

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"OUT OF THE SILENCE"

BY JAMES RHODES



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INTRODUCTION

This little poem came into my hands in 1906 and has since been out of print except for sporadic attempts on my part to keep it alive.

It's author was an English schoolmaster who devoted considerable effort to training the imagination of children rather than their memories for dry "facts".

Sir Clive Phillips-Woolley described it as "the most perfect expression of "The New Thought" in literature.

As such many have learned to love it and to derive great help from it in time of need.

We again print it in connection with the distribution of "The Golden Door", a little magazine published as occasion offers and which is devoted to the inspiration of those who seek to help in the building of the better world that is growing before our eyes.

Printed by permission of John Lane. The Bodley Head Ltd., London.

ALWYNE BUCKLEY,
"Esperanza",

Langley Prairie, British Columbia

“Know ye not that ye are the
Temple of God and that His
Spirit dwelleth in you?”

(1 Cor. III-16)

Is this thing true, the preacher
saith,

Or but a dreamer's dream?
Thrills in thy very midst the
Breath

That bade the star-fires
stream.

Framed all the Universe divine,
And slowly cell by cell
Built up thy body for a shrine,
Wherein Himself might dwell?

Then cares and fears be
phantoms vain—

Ills of illusion bred:

O hungry soul, insatiate brain,
Ope inward and be fed !

O heart, with age-long error rife,
Thou art no soil for sin,
Wherethrough the eternal source
of life

Wells ever from within!

Drink, and thy need shall be
sufficed,

The draught of death will
fly:

Who thereof drinketh, said the
Christ,

Shall never thirst or die.

No mortal being gave thee birth;

Shake off the fleshly dream,

Nor, housed albeit in walls of
earth,

Against thyself blaspheme.

The heaven is here for which
we wait,

The life eternal now!—

Who is this lord of time and fate?

Thou, brother, sister, thou.

The power, the kingdom, is thine
own:

Arise, O royal heart!

Press inward past the doubting-
zone,

And prove the God thou art!

OUT OF THE SILENCE

I.

Lo! in the vigils of the night,
ere sped
The first bright arrows from the
Orient shed,
The heart of Silence trembled
into sound,
And out of Vastness came a
Voice, which said:

II.

I AM alone: thou only art in Me:
I am the stream of Life that
flows through thee:
I comprehend all substance, fill
all space:
I am pure Being, by whom all
things be.

III.

I am thy Dawn, from darkness
to release:
I am the Deep, wherein thy
sorrows cease :
Be still ! be still ! and know that
I am God :
Acquaint thyself with Me, and
be at peace !

OUT OF THE SILENCE

IV.

I am the Silence that is more
than sound :
If therewithin thou lose thee,
thou art found ;
The stormless, shoreless Ocean,
which is I—
Thou canst not breathe, but in
its bosom drowned.

V.

I am all Love : there is naught
else but I :
I am all Power : the rest is
phantasy :
Evil, and anguish, sorrow, death,
and hell —
These are the fear-flung shadows
of a lie.

VI.

Arraign not Mine Omnipotence,
to say
That aught beside in earth or
heaven hath sway !
The powers of darkness are not:
that which is
Abideth : these but vaunt them
for a day.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

VII.

Know thou thyself : as thou hast
learned of Me.
I made thee three in one, and
one in three—
Spirit and Mind and Form, im-
mortal Whole,
Divine and undivided Trinity.

VIII.

Seek not to break the triple bond
assigned :
Mind sees by Spirit : Body moves
by Mind :
Divorced from Spirit, both way-
wilderer fall—
Leader and led, the blindfold and
the blind.

IX.

Look not without thee : thou
hast that within,
Makes whole thy sickness, im-
potent thy sin :
Survey thy forces, rally to
thyself :
That which thou would'st not
hath no power to win.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

X.

I, God, enfold thee like an
atmosphere :
Thou to thyself wert never yet
more near :
Think not to shun Me : whither
would'st thou fly ?
Nor go not hence to seek Me : I
am here.

XI.

Yea, I am Spirit : in thy depths
I dwell :
Art conscious of My presence,
all is well :
Cleave but to that — thyself art
thine own heaven :
A heaven deemed empty were
more drear than hell.

XII.

Into each heart the jet of life I
fling :
Bathe thou thy thought in that
perennial spring !
Sinless thou art and scathless,
so thou catch
The music of its inward murmur-
ing.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XIII.

Hush thee, if thou wouldst hear
it ! Still and small
My voice to thee makes answer
ere thou call.
Ah! to the hidden Word thou
giv'st no heed,
And clamorous echo deemest all
in all.

XIV.

The thriftless joys that are thy
heart's desire—
Base ore, unsearched of the re-
finer's fire—
Can these pass current with the
highborn soul
That unto heavenly riches doth
aspire ?

XV.

Thou, for whom pleasure weaves
her earthly spell,
If in some paradise of sense thou
dwell,
Thou dwell'st but in the purlieus
of thy life,
Far from the centre and the
citadel.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XVI.

There lies thy treasure : there
 shalt thou see clear
What to thy shaping was so
 real and dear
But as the shadows and the shows
 of things
Viewless, inaudible, to eye and
 ear.

XVII.

Thine ecstasies of feeling, sound
 or sight—
Raptures that hover round thee
 winged for flight—
Fly with them ! follow ! and they
 shall quench their speed,
Within the eternal forests of
 delight.

XVIII.

To weave thee garlands that the
 soul may wear,
Seek not for blossoms born of
 light and air :
The flowers that of pure thought
 engendered spring,
Grow not on earth, nor may be
 gathered there.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XIX.

Yet spurn not thou the visible :
for Mine
Is all this Universe, and all
divine :
Rather bethink thee that which
thou behold'st
Though not the Substance, is
nath'less the Sign.

XX.

The boon earth's increase, how
the seasons shift.
Or the suns glad thee with their
lapse and lift —
These things thou notest, but
with heart afar,
Forgetful of the Giver in the gift.

XXI.

What wouldst thou say, wert
thou but Spirit-wise !
What wings were added to thine
ecstasies,
Could'st thou but hear the
harping of the stars,
And read My message on the
morning skies !

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XXII.

Yon palpitating ray, thou call'st
a rose—
Thou seest the light that in its
bosom glows:
But that which thrills behind it,
he alone
Who knows to commune with its
Maker knows.

XXIII.

Prayer opes the sluice of heaven
with gentle sleight,
Lest faith, too suddenly trans-
formed to sight—
Joy heaped on joy, since all I
have is thine—
Whelm thee with inundation of
delight.

XXIV.

Yet whatso' lies about thee, or
above,
Thou lack'st but faith to read the
heart thereof.
Come now, and let us reason,
saith the Lord :
Hast thou of old misdoubted of
My love ?

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XXV.

What billoweth else behind thee
and before ?
What else thine elemnt ? Do
ships ashore
Fear launching for the scantness
of the sea ?
Put forth ! put forth ! and thou
shalt doubt no more.

XXVI.

Nay, though thou make thy
pleasure to transgress,
Thinking to flout Me in thy
wilfulness—
Tilt at My laws, and curse whom
thou shouldst bless—
I am all Love : I cannot love
thee less.

XXVII.

Or hast thou judged amiss the
Eternal Mind,
Deemed Truth inconstant, and
Fore-knowledge blind,
Made that which is not lord of
that which is ?—
Fear not, nor falter;—seek, and
thou shalt find.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XXVIII

Thy times are in My hand, who
say to thee
The past is nothing; let the
future be :
Thou, whom I fashioned for my
heart's desire,
Art not of time, but of Eternity.

XXIX.

O my beloved, heir to Mine estate!
Come to Me swiftly, though the
hour be late !
Those My five envoys, whom I
sent to seek,
Have lured thee from Me, and
alone I wait.

XXX.

I wait to see thy feet with wisdom
shod,
Disease and error banished at
thy nod:
Sinless, self-dominant, adult,
divine,
I wait to see thee walk the earth,
a God.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XXXI

What could I more for thee than
I have done—
Shown thee thy wisdom, warned
thee what to shun ?
Had I constrained thee whither
thou shouldst go,
What pleasure to be loved by
such a one ?

XXXII.

Therefore I made thee what thou
art — no toy
Like as men fashion for an in-
fant's joy,
Wound into motion, played with,
thrown aside;
But of pure Being, whole without
alloy.

XXXIII.

Of Mine own Substance, indes-
tructible.
Eye cannot see, ear hear, nor
tongue may tell,
What power, what plentitude of
peace, were thine,
Content at oneness with thyself
to dwell.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XXXIV.

But when at last I heard My
people cry :
"Arise, O Day-Star, lest we droop
and die!"
I said: "No longer will I veil My
face
And write upon the darkness,
'It is I' "

XXXV.

I came to men in likeness of a
man,
Taught them what Manhood
merged in Godhood can:
Yet these believed not when I
bade them live,
And cowered within their self-
appointed span.

XXXVI.

But enter thou thy closet, shut
thy door,
And seek the silence of the golden
Floor!
The word that I shall whisper
thee will bring
Health to the healthless, riches
to the poor.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XXXVII.

Only be still, and win from earth
away,
Then hearken what the mystic
voices say !
The fount of Truth shall o'er his
basin brim,
And flood thy fields of being
day by day—

XXXVIII.

Shall woo to life with fertilising
power
The parched corn-ear, or the
drooping flower,
And spread thee green oases in
waste,
Till the bare desert burst into a
bower.

XXXIX.

“Who shall deliver me?” thou
criest, “for I
Faint 'neath this burden of mor-
tality,
O wretched that I am!” If thou
indeed
Wert in, or of, the body, thou
shouldst die.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XL.

But thou are Spirit, wholly made
of Me,
Who make the body hour by
hour to be :
Such as the Father is, such is the
son :
Assume thine incorruptibility !

XLI.

I gave thee of Mine own creative
power
With winged imagination for Thy
dower;
That which thou wilt thou canst:
no seed of thought
E'er sank into thy soul, but
sprang to flower.

XLII.

And fruited, or for blessing or for
ban:
Yet, when thou com'st the
harvest-field to scan,
"Some enemy", thou say'st,
"hath planted tares!"
I tell thee nay; thou art thyself
the man !

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XLIII.

Hatred, hypocrisy, and pride, and
ire,
And every fear, and every false
desire,
Breeds venom in the heart, which
drives it forth
To flood the veins with devastat-
ing fire.

XLIV.

That thou believest is. Have
faith, 'tis said,
And lo! the answer to thy prayer
is sped:
Think life, thou liv'st; think
death and thou shalt die:
Choose ! thine election is ac-
complished.

XLV.

Body is Mind made visible, and
grows
By the pure fountain which
within thee flows
Tending to life; or fed on out-
ward shows,
Feedeth on nothing, and to noth-
ing goes.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XLVI.

How should the body be so sound
and whole ?
Can stagnant ooze reflect the
'oer-arching pole ?
No, nor with scum of error overlaid
Will the soul's mirror flash thee
back the soul.

XLVII.

Thine aspiration turned to appetite,
Thy love to lust, as blossom yields
to blight,
With leaden luxury thou bind'st
thy neck:—
My yoke is easy, and My burden
light !

XLVIII

If thou by power electric stem
the sea,
And, or of ignorance or apathy,
Let sleep the hidden force till
motion fail,
Who blames the craftsman? yet
thou blamest Me.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

XLIX.

What time, like fire beneath the
 terrene crust,
Thine own essential flame as-
 under thrust
Lacks use within thee, till amazed
 thou find
Hope's deep foundation crumbl-
 ing into dust.

L.

And all thy vital powers to faint
 and fail.
Mind fed by Spirit doth for life
 avail:
Pure thoughts alone the body's
 health can build:
Purge that within thee — naught
 shall outward ail.

LI.

Thy faith in evil evil's like
 allures:
Believing taints thee, disbelieving
 cures:
I said: "Be perfect": spake I then
 in vain ?
Perfect I planned thee, and My
 work endures.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LII.

What profit then of Destiny to
prate ?
She is thy friend if thou co-
operate:
Seek in the silence that Diviner
Self:
To know thy greatness is to
claim thy fate.

LIII.

Say, thou who deem'st thyself
the child of sin,
How, God-Begotten, wast thou
born therein ?
Lo! I thy Father, I thy Mother,
am !
Wouldst claim the heritage, the
birthright win,

LIV.

Erase that record of the palimp-
sest
Within thee, by the scribe of
time impressed;
And on the smoothed surface
write anew:
"I am All-Wisdom, Righteousness,
and Rest."

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LV.

'Twas writ: "the man that doth
My sayings keep
Shall taste death never": yet in
death ye sleep,
Nor spirit since hath passed the
bound of time,
Save through that bitter and
dividing deep.

LVI.

Elijah, Moses, Enoch—what were
they
More than all others to win
deathless way
Into the heavenly house not
made with hands,
Whereof the door stands open
night and day,

LVII.

But that to walk with God they
did aspire—
But that enkindled with divine
desire,
Still on the secret altar of their
soul
They fanned with faith a never-
dying fire?

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LVIII.

“Do this, and thou shalt baulk
the billowy grave!”
Thou doest it not, and call’st on
man to save:
Nay, wouldst thou save thee, quit
yon treacherous bark,
And walk to Me upon the mid-
night wave !

LIX.

O House of Israel, wherefore will
ye die?
Shall He, whose dwelling is
Eternity,
In death find pleasure—pleasure
in a lie ?
Turn therefore, live ye! saith
the Lord most high.

LX.

Behold! I stand within my har-
vest field!
Arise, O reapers, the bright sickle
wield !
A whole world hangs upon your
golden hope,
Faint to be fed, and hungry to be
healed.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LXI.

Open thine eyes, O seer, and thou
 shalt scan
A mightier birth-dawn than of
 mythic Pan !
Too long hath darkness travailed
 of to-day,
Veiling the advent of regenerate
 man.

LXII.

O human heart, that like a ruined
 shrine
Hast long foregone the worship
 that was thine,
E'en now thou hailest with new
 kindling hope
Omnipotent within thee the
 Divine—

LXIII.

E'en now begin'st to give thy
 Godhead way,
And over every doubt that said
 thee nay,
Made one at last with that un-
 erring Mind
Which swayed thee unaware,
 hold conscious sway.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LXIV.

What erst was hurtful, with thy
being blent,
Will at a flash from thy swift
herald sent—
That lightning courier of the en-
throned soul—
Turn to innocuous or beneficent:

LXV.

Till now, re-constellated one in
three,
Shall planet-like revolve en-
circling thee,
To thy bright influence tributary
made,
All powers that alien to thine
orbit be.

LXVI

Thus having learned that Love
is Law confessed,
And seeing through all My
Universe expressed—
My seamless garment broidered
o'er with worlds—
The unresting Order, which alone
is rest,

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LXVII

Thou shalt harmonious move,
and at thy nod
My children of the air, the sea,
the sod,
Finding thee merciful, shall
milder grow,
Learn of thy ways, and look to
thee as God.

LXVIII

That which thou art, thou
dreamest not—so vast
That lo! time present, time to
be, time past,
Are but the sepals of thine open-
ing soul,
Whose flower shall fill the
Universe at last.

LXIX.

Thou pond'rest of the moon, the
stars, the sun,
Whence the winds gather, how
the waters run,
But all too lightly deemest of
thyself,
Which are a myriad miracles in
one.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LXX.

Say who thine outward elements
combined,
Bade the quick life-blood through
its mazes wind,
Filled thee with breath for motion
and delight,
Or wove the matchless wonder
of thy mind—

LXXI.

Enableth foot and finger, ear and
eye,
Arrays thy form a mould of
majesty?—
Who but All-Love, All-Wisdom,
and All-Power,
Thy Self and thy Creator — who
but I ?

LXXII.

Claim then that Power, which
within thee lies
Waiting thy royal mandate to
arise !
Woo then that Wisdom, for thine
own she is—
Woo her and win, and know that
thou art wise !

OUT OF THE SILENCE

LXXIII.

Fulfill thee with that Love !
henceforth and here
The healing power shall in thy
heart appear,
Slayer of envy, avarice, guile and
pride,
Purger of lust, and banisher of
fear—

LXXIV.

Bringer of joy, long-suffering,
gentleness,
Faith, goodness, meekness. tem-
perance and, no less,
Of peace that passeth knowledge,
having Love,
That which I am thou dost thy-
self possess.

LXXV.

I am thy Dawn, from darkness to
release:
I am the Deep, wherein thy
sorrows cease:
Be still! be still! and know that
I am God,
Acquaint thyself with Me, and
be at peace !

If you have enjoyed this poem and would like to write for help in your own problems, the undersigned, with fifty years of experience in counselling, will be glad to hear from you.

In return, any voluntary contributions toward renewed publication of my Quarterly Magazine called "THE GOLDEN DOOR" will be gratefully accepted as consultation fee, and thus you, in turn, will help others.

(Mr.) ALWYNE BUCKLEY,
"Esperanza",
Langley Prairie,
British Columbia.



